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AN AMERICAN PAPER FOR THE AMERICAN PEOPLE

Roosevelt, Citizens' Candidate.

The Citizens' Union Committee has decided to nominate Theodore Roosevelt as an independent candidate for Governor. This action offers Colonel Roosevelt a tempting way of escape from an embarrassing situation. A Citizens' Union nomination, without a Platt endorsement, would allow him to run on his own individual record as a civil-service reformer, bronco-tamer, Raines-law enforcer and Rough Rider, without responsibility for the blunders and crimes of the Republican bosses in State and nation.

But if the Colonel should accept the endorsement of the Republican machine he would necessarily have to take it with all its liabilities. He would have to stand as the representative of the canal steals in the State, and of the horrible mismanagement of the War Department against which an outraged nation is rising in wrath.

The members of the Citizens' Union have no other purpose than to secure good government. Their aims are at one with those of Colonel Roosevelt, who professes to hold as his own. How can he decline so respectable a nomination? How can he sully it with an adulteration of Plattism? If he should do either, would it not be an admission that he had entered the fight, not for principle, but merely for office?

Colonel Roosevelt is no chicken in politics. He knows exactly what his acceptance of a Platt nomination would mean. He knows that Platt intends to have nobody for Governor whom he cannot control. And yet Colonel Lovell H. Jerome professes to be authorized by Colonel Roosevelt to say for him that he would be glad to take the Republican nomination—Platt's nomination—if offered, and thereby shoulder the whole load of Republican misrule—Platt, Black, Aldridge, Payn, the canal steals, the Raines law, Algerism and all the rest. It seems incredible. It is incredible. We shall not believe it until Colonel Roosevelt makes affidavit to his degradation and acknowledges it before a notary.

ALGERISM: THE PRESIDENT'S RESPONSIBILITY.

The Secretary of War has accomplished a personal triumph. He has affixed his name forever to a well-defined and well-understood policy.

We have had Jeffersonism, we have had Clevelandism, we have had this ism and that, some which reflect glory upon the man who has conferred upon them his name, and some which put on him a brand of ignominy. Now we have

ALGERISM.

Out of Algerism will proceed immortality for Alger. He will not be forgotten. The men who under the glaring sun and in the driving rains of the tropics have fought for the nation will spread over the broad land and tell their stories of starvation, of hospitals without doctors, nurses, anaesthetics or medicines; of transport ships which are pest ships, of camps which are camps of death. They will tell the story of Algerism, and the name of Alger will live long.

Algerism is to-day characteristic of the Administration. To send home the Secretary of War will not clean the Administration of this stain. Where the soldiers go the story will go. Into every household to which comes a haggard, wan, broken man wearing the uniform of his country will go, too, the record of black incompetency made by the Secretary of War.

To purge the Administration of Algerism it must be purged of Alger. The President cannot at once defend the Secretary and avoid responsibility for his failure. Reputation of Alger—frank, vigorous, outspoken and positive reputation—is the one possible expedient for the President to adopt. Without it Alger and McKinley are as one.

EVERY MAN ON HIS OWN MERITS.

In criticising the appointment of incompetent Sons of Somebodies to positions of responsibility in the army there is no assumption that a man ought to be barred from military service because he has a distinguished father. Every candidate ought to stand on his own merits, and political influence ought to pull him neither forward nor back.

Senator Murphy, for instance, has a son in the army. Captain Murphy joined the militia as soon as he left college, and has been a member of the Troy Citizens' Corps for eight years. When war was declared the captain of the corps resigned and Murphy was elected to his position. He declined on the ground that he did not care to command his old comrades and friends. He preferred to be assigned to another regiment, and accordingly he has gone with the same rank to Manila, where he is taking his share of bad weather and trouble as it comes.

This young man had eight years of military experience, which would have qualified him for command if he had been a Son of Nobody. The public will draw a sharp distinction between such cases as this and that of Secretary Alger's son, who was made a captain, and that of Mr. Roosevelt, who was made a Colonel, with no experience at all.

DEMOCRATS ON THE PEACE COMMISSION.

The completion of the Peace Commission by the appointment of Senator Gray, of Delaware, leaves that body overwhelmingly Republican.

Four members are from the President's own party. One only bears the name of Democrat, and even he is not in sympathy with the party to-day.

Usually in a mixed commission of importance the minority party has been given larger representation. It would have been wholly in accordance with political precedent for the President to have given the Democratic party two representatives on the Commission.

The party which forced the war should not be deprived of just and proper voice in arranging for peace.

THE STRICKEN EMPEROR.

If Francis Joseph of Austria had been a Greek of the heroic age he would have come down to us in tragedy with Ajax and Edipus as the victim of remorseless Fate. No sovereign of modern times has been crushed under such a succession of family horrors. Brother, son and wife have been snatched from him by violence—one by military execution, one by a shameful suicide and one by assassination.

This is the Austrian Emperor's jubilee year. In less than three months Vienna was to have been en fete to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of his accession to the throne. The half century through which he has worn the heavy crown of the Hapsburgs has been for him a lifetime of martyrdom. He came to the throne in the midst of a revolution, taking the sceptre from the hands of his uncle and of his father to save it to his family. In the first twenty years of his reign two unsuccessful wars stripped him of some of the fairest territories of his empire and thrust him out of the Germanic Confederation, in which he had been accustomed to hold the first place. In the same period his favorite brother, lured across the ocean by the deceitful vision of a new crown, met the death of a malefactor in front of a party of Mexican executioners.

Later when time had brought a promise of happier days, the suicide of his cherished son, the Crown Prince Rudolph, plunged Francis Joseph again into the depths of misery. Family troubles and humiliations of every sort followed. The imperial house of Austria seemed to have run to disgraceful seed.

And now the beautiful Empress, the wife whose golden wedding would have been celebrated in less than six years more, lies dead at the hand of one of that band of Italian assassins that robbed Spain of a Prime Minister and France of a President, and that holds every ruler in Europe in a chill of fear.

Who could wonder if this final blow should crush the hitherto indomitable spirit of the weary old Emperor, who has risen above every former calamity for the sake of the people who look up to him alone and of the distracted country which only he seems able to hold together? And who can tell what calamities would be let loose upon Europe if that strong pillar of peace and order should fall?

A VALUABLE CHINESE INSTITUTION.

In his new book on "China in Transformation," Mr. Archibald R. Colquhoun furnishes some interesting particulars about the part played in Chinese life by the Thief Guild. The thieves of China are closely organized and have elaborate codes of honor, which are strictly observed. If you hire a deaf old night watchman, who jogs around your place at long intervals, beating a rattle or a gong, and then goes to sleep, your valuables are perfectly safe. But if, seeing how little your watchman apparently does for his wages, you discharge him, your house will probably be cleaned out by burglars the next night.

In the north of China, where highway robberies are abundant, there is "a valuable traffic on wheels, a very slow traffic, over exceedingly bad roads, most favorable for attack." Large amounts of gold and silver bullion are conveyed between Peking and Tientsin on carts, unguarded, except, perhaps, by a man "with a rusty spear or an antiquated musket, riding on the shaft of the cart." The cart company undertakes absolutely to deliver the treasure, with no reservations whatever for the dangers of the road, and it always keeps its bargain. It charges a trifling commission for insurance, and, as it prospers, it evidently meets with no losses.

In China the thieves are satisfied with a small tribute. Pay them that and you can work in peace and comfort, with no fear of further plundering. Why could not a branch of the Chinese Thief Guild be organized among our army contractors?

PEACE FOUNDED ON CANNON.

"Peace if we have to fight for it," is a hackneyed phrase, but it gathers force and meaning every day.

Here, for example, is a firm of Pennsylvania iron and steel workers, who have refused to make guns for the Government. The partners are Quakers, and they profess to be unwilling to supply machines for the slaughter of men. Peace and its fruits alone they applaud. They will have no part in war—not even the part of peaceful business men furnishing to the warring armies their mechanism.

But out of thorough preparation for war comes peace. To-day peace is maintained in Europe by the complete readiness of every nation for war. The man who first named a monster gun "Peace-maker" spoke wiser than he knew. Exactly as the individual blessed with strong muscles and rugged sinews is apt to go through the world without petty quarrels, so the nation that is most ready for war is least likely to make war.

The big gun, the battle ship, the men who point the gun and direct the ship all make for peace. Strength, force and courage keep a nation safe, and so keeping it hold it back from war.

THE CANAL WILL BE BUILT.

The Nicaragua Canal Commission is pushing its work. Heretofore all calculations have been based upon surveys made in the dry season. The commission has 350 men now on the ground along the proposed route ascertaining the character of the soil, fixing upon the best locations for dams and locks, taking measurements of the rainfall and the flow of the streams, and learning all about rainy season conditions.

Admiral Walker, president of the commission, states that while the data necessary to fix accurately the cost of the canal have not yet been obtained, he feels confident it can be shown that the project is entirely feasible. The commission will so report to Congress at its approaching session.

The Government cannot undertake the task of constructing the canal any too soon to suit the American people. The voyage of the

Oregon was an object lesson. As the same war ship will probably soon be sent back to the Pacific, her long homeward sail around South America will again demonstrate the need of a short cut from ocean to ocean.

And only the Government must build the canal. No corporations need apply.

THE MODERN FALSTAFF.

Since Falstaff routed Prince Hal and his fellows and filled the air with boasts of his imaginary valor he has had no competitor until Shafter ambled on the scene. Shakespeare builded better than he knew. This modern Sir John might have walked out of his pages.

Falstaff won his battles in a tavern. Shafter routed the Spaniards from a hammock four miles from the fighting line.

Falstaff ran from an imaginary army. Shafter wanted to run after his intrepid men had carried the day for him.

Fatty degeneration of the heart is a dangerous ailment, but when it gets into the brain and fills all the alleys of the being, there is no hope for the victim.

Shafter jags superfluously on the fighting stage. His place is in a museum, where, safe from war's alarms and supplied with the creature comforts necessary to his happiness, he could drone his dull life away.

SPANISH DEVILTRY IN PORTO RICO.

Spanish officials in Porto Rico are represented to be hard at work reducing the value of the property left in their hands against the time when it will come into possession of the United States. The arms in the arsenal at San Juan are being destroyed and ammunition in large quantities has been dumped into the sea. Orders have been sent to other towns to follow the San Juan example.

President McKinley can stop this with a brief telegram to Madrid, reading: "For every dollar's worth of property destroyed in Porto Rico an indemnity of \$10 will be exacted from the Spanish Government."

Prisoners are being tortured, and the lives of Porto Ricans beyond the protection of the American soldiers are not safe. President McKinley can stop this, too. Notification that the perpetrators of outrages, no matter what their official position, will be treated as criminals, would be instantly effective. But direct and prompt action by President McKinley is hardly to be expected. An Administration that can stand Alger is not to be shocked or incensed by Spanish deviltry, which, after all, is much less deadly, if more malicious, than Algerism.

NO MORE WAR UNDER ALGER.

There must be no war with the Filipinos. They have no quarrel with us. Naturally they do not want to hear longer the Spanish yoke. If Aguinaldo is disposed to make trouble it must proceed from his fear that the United States will refuse to gather the fruits of its victory in the Philippines.

In any event we do not care to engage in another war with Alger at the head of the War Department. He is a more effective discourager of bellicosity than a hostile European concert. Thousands of the bravest men in the service prefer to be mustered out at once rather than go to certain death in fever-stricken camps located by Alger and his coterie of political incompetents.

They could meet a rain of Mauser bullets without a tremor, but they will not again face a fusillade of fatal blunders.

WELCOME TO TROOP A.

It was a weary wait that Troop A gave us yesterday, but we were just as glad to see it when it got here. There was nothing heart-rending in the spectacle of its return. The boys were bronzed and dingy, but they looked like men, not like ghosts. Troop A had the good fortune to be under a general who knew how to take care of his men—a commander of heart and science. It takes more than the difference between the climates of Porto Rico and Santiago to explain the difference in the appearance of Troop A and the Seventy-first.

REFORMERS TO THE RESCUE.

The Massachusetts Reform Club has appropriated \$100 to build a dike against the tide of imperialism that is sweeping over our unhappy country. Nor do the Massachusetts reformers stop at that. They devote not only their fortunes but their tongues to the sacred cause of Small Americanism. Mr. Gamaliel Bradford denounces in thunder tones the proposition to hold the Philippines, and Mr. Edward Atkinson commands the American people to crush out that "damnable militarism which led to the hell of war."

Are not Mr. Bradford and Mr. Atkinson taking on unnecessarily? They managed to keep out of that hell of war pretty well themselves, and probably they could repeat the feat if needful. It seems a pity to waste a hundred good dollars on a little thing like the Philippines. Think how many Aladdin stoves that would buy!

CROWNING OUR EDUCATIONAL SYSTEM.

The plan to establish a great national university at Washington is meeting with marked favor in directions that insure its ultimate success. Many of the ablest minds in the country are pledged to its advancement. A number of munificent bequests only await the Government's initiative in this important matter.

A national university was one of the dreams of President Washington and his successors have repeatedly endorsed it. Private enterprise promises now to remedy the neglect of the authorities.

Patriotic women are raising a fund that will at least prove an incentive to Congress to continue the good work. Other organizations are educating the people to an appreciation of the far-reaching effects of this university and its broadening influence on the national life.

An institution, neither local, nor denominational, conducted by leaders of thought in every branch of intellectual endeavor, and free from partisan control, will fittingly crown the splendid educational systems that have grown up in the various States.

WHO POISONED THE TROOPS?

The necessity of fixing the responsibility for the massacre of our troops in the attack on Santiago is apparent. The condition of the transports into which our sick soldiers were driven like cattle and left to die, without medical attention or proper food, also demands investigation.

But there is still another matter that calls for searching inquiry. What rascally contractor foisted decayed provisions upon the Government? Was his pull so strong at Washington that the commissary department accepted his goods without inspection? Or was his contribution to the national campaign fund so large as to blind the authorities to his abhorrent crime of seeking to poison our fighting men with rotten food?

When the Congressional probe is driven into the festering mass of official corruption it should not stop short of locating the jobbers who profited by the necessities of the soldiers and robbed them of health and vigor.

BAYREUTH IN NEW YORK.

Wagner's body is mouldering in the grave, but his soul is marching on. The master of modern music is about to win new conquests this Winter. New York is to have a Bayreuth festival, in which, for the first time, Wagner's greatest works will be presented in their entirety.

Mr. Grau will make some concessions to the fact that there are other things in life than Wagnerian music. He will not ask New Yorkers to devote all their waking hours to opera, as in Bayreuth, or even to don their dress suits at 5 in the afternoon and bolt their dinners between acts. He will allow them to go to the theatre at 7 and go home at 11:30. The Casino has often kept them that long in the early stages of its annual reviews, and what they can do for "Yankee Doodle Dandy" they can certainly do for "Die Goetterdaemmerung."

New York has shown so keen an appreciation of Wagner in the fragmentary form in which alone it has been permitted hitherto to enjoy him, that there can be no doubt of the welcome it will extend to his immortal works as they came from the master's hand.

CONDENSED EDITORIALS.

POOR GENERAL SHAFTER was "completely fagged out" by the journey from Montauk to the Fifth Avenue Hotel, although the Long Island Railroad had put him through in four hours and a half, instead of the nine hours it would have taken if he had been a wounded soldier. And an inconsiderate nation actually subjected this fragile creature to the hardships of a campaign in a hammock in Cuba.

WELCOME TO TROOP A.

In serving the flag it was Troop A.

"THEODORE ROOSEVELT, Citizens' Union candidate."

That sounds better than "Theodore Roosevelt, Platt candidate."

IT IS ALL RIGHT to investigate Alger, Mr. President.

But don't think it can be done with a whitewash brush. Congress will meet in December, and there will be a hereafter even beyond that.

NO ANARCHISTS are particularly agreeable to have around, but those of the Italian brand seem to be particularly deadly. They are the rattlesnakes of revolution.

JULIAN HAWTHORNE ON OUR WAR WITH OUR ENEMIES AT HOME.

Editor of the New York Journal:

Our war with Spain was important and interesting, but our war with our own men in authority is more so. The welfare and honor of the nation depend on it more. If we are situated, hoodwinked and humbugged by our officials and public servants the disgrace will be greater and the effects more sinister than if we had been beaten by Spain on land and sea. The enemies we have to dread, and whom we are bound to destroy, or they will destroy us, are not the sovereigns of Europe with their armies, but the men here at home, in positions of trust and authority—in all positions, from low to the highest—whom we, the American people, elected to do what was honest, right and wise; and who have used their powers to do what was evil and shameful. There is no excuse for it. When we look at the corruption and rottenness of Spanish rule, as revealed by this war, we say they affront human nature; but we remember that Spain is a worst-case monarchy, that her people are ignorant, that her ruling class has never had any stimulus to high behavior; that, with them, generosity and noble conduct bring no rewards nor recognition. But we—we are intelligent, educated, free, and nowhere so much as in this country is civic virtue and labor for the common weal so highly honored. The rottenness of Spain is traditional, prescriptive, almost inevitable; but is it so in this country? Are the robbers, the falsehood, the insolence, the cruelty and the cowardice which we have been compelled to witness during the past month—the very things which have been the cause of the Declaration of the civil war? Are they the answer to the prayers and the fruit of the self-devotion of the Pilgrims? Spanish officials themselves have not exhibited the cruelty,

rapacity and baseness which have been exhibited by our own officials in the treatment of the soldiers of the State. Weyler? There are scores of embryo Weylers among us, only waiting the chance to inflict upon their own countrymen the outrages which Weyler reserved for his country's enemies. Ask the mothers of America, sitting with the bodies of their dead sons across their knees. Who killed those boys? Who starved them? Who cursed them and insulted them in their helpless destitution and misery? Who filled their own bellies and pockets with the food and with the money which belonged to those dead boys? Who, when confronted with the witness of those festering corpses of the brave youths who were not slain on the field of battle, but murdered in the home camp, replied that they died of a surfeit of dainties given by their foolish mothers and sisters and wives? Mr. Alger, Secretary of War, said that, and he caused the appointment of the men who did the other things; and when the charges were false and the culprits innocent, and not only innocent, but deserving of honor and reward. The man capable of saying that and doing that is as evil as Weyler, and even more despicable; and the brood he has brought forth, from Shafter down, is worthy of him. But who made Alger?

Not Alger himself. His army record is one of shame and dishonor. After Lincoln's leniency had saved him from the punishment he deserved he made a fortune by selling lumber, and some of the money so acquired he spent to elect McKinley President. At no moment in his career did he ever betray the possession of any quality which men honor and admire. But McKinley made him Secretary of War. And by that appointment, of course, McKinley becomes responsible for Alger's

acts. It was, turn and turn about: Alger made McKinley, or shared that honor with Hanna, and McKinley pays his debt by making Alger. Alger conducts the war, and now the question comes, who is to make the peace? Will McKinley dare to assume what he has made? That depends on what sort of a man McKinley is.

First and last, there have been diverse opinions on that point, most of them inclining toward leniency. The average verdict is that he is gentle, amiable, kindly and intelligent; not a man of blood and iron by any means, though I recall a striking article published in the Herald near the beginning of the war, and dated from Washington, in which he is described as a man with nerves of steel and a will of adamant, controlled by the brain of a Bacon. Another correspondent, apparently, is writing to the Herald from Washington now. But on the average we have been saying that our President is a man who is personally "good" and means well, and does the best he can under difficult conditions. That, at all events, was what we said or hoped up to the time of the President's visit to Camp Wikoff with Alger a week ago. Did that visit modify our opinion of him? It was a crucial test. McKinley had a great opportunity there. Is it the belief of the country that he came out of it with flying colors?

Many of the newspaper reporters tried to make it so appear. We were told that the troops cheered him; that he personally and independently inspected all parts of the camp; that he spoke kindly to the soldiers, and told them that the country was proud of them and would take care of them; if they had not all they wanted they only had to say so, and the lack would be supplied; and when he went away he declared that men honor and admire. But McKinley made him Secretary of War. And by that appointment, of course, McKinley becomes responsible for Alger's

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pendence kindled in the soul of a Nondescript. The nation watched the President during that visit to Camp Wikoff with an anxious eye for a flicker of life on the face of a corpse. Had he then done the right and brave thing it would have taken him to its heart with a love and gratitude such as no President since Lincoln ever met with. But he failed; he was never near doing otherwise; he left Montauk even less a man, if that be possible, than he was when he entered it. The head of the nation proved himself on that day a Nondescript—a thing which wholesome manhood shrinks from naming or touching. Nothing more revolts men than a creature which looks like a man and is none, but a prattling, soft-voiced, wet-eyed, docile, spaniel-visioned Nondescript, devoid of masculinity and the virile instinct, incapable of being angered by indignities, feeling it no shame to be owned by others and to trot and bleat at their orders. This is the successor of Washington, the two Adamses, Jackson, Taylor, Lincoln and Grant. This is he who holds the honor of America and Americans in his treacherous hands. It is said that nations get the rulers they deserve. Have we committed the unpardonable sin?

My interpretation of the demand for investigation is that, as bodies move on the line of least resistance, so does McKinley move in the direction where he is least frightened. He was afraid of Alger and Hanna, but he hears the growing roar of anger of the people, and he finds himself more terrified by that than by the threats of his friends—his owners. He will order an investigation. But I trust and believe that the people will not be misled into placing any confidence in the commission he will appoint, let the members of it be whom they may. For to accept a position on that commission will be enough to discredit the person accepting it in the eyes of the nation, let

him be as prominent and well known as he will. Would Alger demand or risk his skin with an investigation honestly and fearlessly prosecuted into the crimes for which he is responsible? Would McKinley advocate an inquiry which from the outset points straight at himself? We all know they would not; it is an insult to our understanding to suppose otherwise. This investigation is the last desperate effort of the guilty to evade the detection and punishment of their crimes. It is undertaken in order to relieve them of responsibility therefor. The McKinley investigation will not investigate; it will whitewash and leave those dead sons lying across their mother's knees unavenged. Will those mothers endure it? One of them wrote to me the other day in her despair, "Nothing will be done; the big men are all in it!" Most of the "big" men are in it, but not all. Let us not despair yet. When the McKinley commission has given in its report we have miles to fall back on, and never did an American have such an opportunity to deserve the thanks of his country as is now offered to Miles. And behind Miles there is Congress, and let us pray that Congress may be not only fearless, but prompt and wise. And after Congress (should that fall) there is another figure far more terrible and menacing than all the rest—the figure of the American mother with her dead son across her knees. She wields a power beyond any other in this country, and if the worst should come to the worst, that mother will rise and lay down her sacred burden and lead the American people to a war of extermination against the hypocrites, the thieves, the torturers, the murderers. She will not forget or forgive; she fears none, and will be silenced by none. She will punish the man and the nation who have destroyed her son, and redeem her country. In this, its darkest hour, from the foul reproach which now hangs over it, JULIAN HAWTHORNE